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The second and final issue of the early 1950s classic 3-D set by Joe Kubert.

SNAPSHOTS OF SUMMER:

We've been on the road almost two weeks now. If i were a camera, this is what you'd see on the roll of film i've been carrying around inside my head.

BAKERSFIELD CALIFORNIA: As always, good for vintage clothes and junk. Dean got two fabulous shirts and a tie to match.

BARSTOW, CALIFORNIA: We had Thai iced tea for the first time ever at a Chinese-Japanese-Thai restaurant with left-over red and green Christmas stencils on the mirrored walls.

SELIGMAN, ARIZONA: The Deluxe Motel is very clean, very old and very cheap. Highly recommended. We arrived too late at night and left too early in the morning to eat at the Snow Cap, but there's always next year.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA: Bought a big bag of those little glass tile jobs they used to stick in the sidewalks for 25¢ each. You know, the kind that have turned pale lavender in the sun. Don't have *any* idea what we're going to do with 'em, but they were really cheap, you gotta admit.

NEW MEXICO: I was asleep. So was Althaea. Dean just kept on driving.

CANTON, TEXAS: Eighty acres of flea market with over 1,000 dealers. Found a big old tin Nesbitt's Orange Soda sign for fifteen bucks and an even older Public Telephone sign for five. Astoundingly good fresh-squeezed lemonade made by a man who looked uncannily like Buddy Holly.

DALLAS, TEXAS: If i told you all the people i went out to dinner with at the Fantasy Fair, you'd call me a name-dropper. Good prices on Golden and Silver Age comics. Bought a large framed World War I poster too, from Paul McSpadden. It urges: "Women! Help America's Sons Win the War."

CARL'S CORNER, TEXAS: Stop at the gas station with the three giant frogs dancing on top. Say hello to Carl. Be sure to buy a copy of the record that was wrote about Carl, too. Carl's Corner is *definitely* a place to watch for future developments in the areas of oddball architecture and country music.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS: They've got the town square fixed up real pretty here. I found an almost-fledged pigeon that had fallen from its nest in the 99-degree heat. Took it to an animal clinic where they'd care for it 'til its wings grow out. We had Cokes at Davidson's Grocery Store. The courthouse in the center of the square has a huge statue of a woman on top. I asked Mr. Davidson what she represented. "Well, she's got a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other," he said. "I reckon she's tryin' to balance the budget."

AUSTIN, TEXAS: I learned how to skateboard in a parking lot behind Threadgill's. My knee's healing nicely; thank you for asking.

catherine yronwode

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HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP THAT UP, DOT? YOU DON'T ACTUALLY EXPECT AN ANSWER FROM THAT SNOW-BOUND CORPORAL, DO YOU?
DON'T GET NERVOUS, POLESTAR. JUST KEEP THOSE BRATS IN LINE UNTIL I TELL YOU OTHERWISE. THEIR DADDY'S PROBABLY WAITING FOR SOME KIND OF SIGNAL, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SEND IT.
BUT WE'RE NOT-
SHUT UP! I'M WARNING YOU!
YOU DON'T NEED THE THEATRICS, DIRTY HARRY. I PROMISE, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MISS AT THAT DISTANCE.
JUST HURRY UP, WILLYA?! AND YOU TWO, SIT DOWN. OVER THERE.
SMART KID.
OKAY, ALL DONE. NOW, POLESTAR, YOU AND ME HAVE GOT TO GET OFF THIS DOOMSDAY MACHINE AND FOLLOW UP OUR TELEPHONE CALL WITH A PERSONAL APPEARANCE.
YOU'RE NOT PART OF PASTERNAK'S FAMILY, ARE YOU?
HOW?
WE'RE JUST GOING TO MARCH RIGHT ONTO THE NEXT AVAILABLE SHUTTLE WITH OUR COSTUMED CLOWNS HERE AS INSURANCE.
YOU SHOULD TALK, LADY.
EASY WITH THE SARCASM, SONNY-BOY. I'M WILLING TO BET YOUR DADDY MAY BE CALLOUS ABOUT THE IMPERSONAL MILLIONS DOWN BELOW, BUT HE'LL BE DAMNED IF ANYTHING'LL HAPPEN TO HIS PROGENY.
GIVE ME THE GUN, POLESTAR, AND LET'S-
NOW, IMPULSE!!

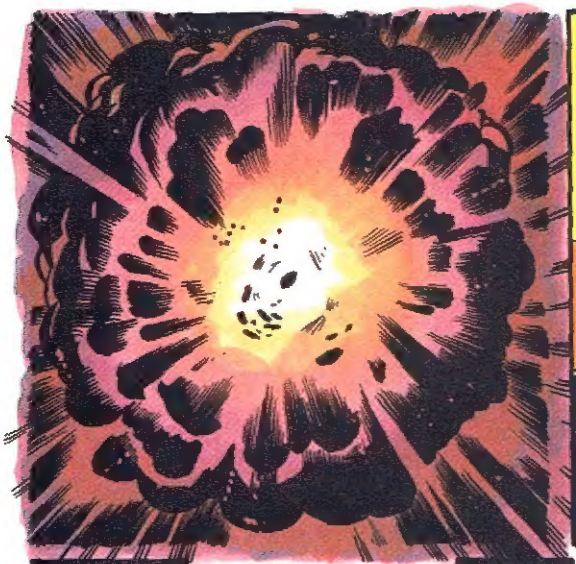
HEY!!
WHA—?? THE GUNS!!
SO YOU THINK WE'RE COSTUMED CLOWNS, HUH? HOWCUM YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING?
UHHH!—
DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL DOESN'T THINK FOR HERSELF, DOES SHE? OR CAN SHE?
SHUT UP!!
OOF!
THUD
OWW! CUT IT OUT, LADY! I'M A LOT BIGGER THAN YOU, AND WILLING TO BET I CAN TAKE A LOT MORE PAIN. NOW YOU'RE GONNA LIE QUIETLY AND EXPLAIN YOURSELVES... AND LET US EXPLAIN, TOO!
THE OPERATIVE WORD, BIG MAN, IS LITTLE.
HEY, NO FAIR! I FORGOT YOU COULD DO THAT!
FAIR? OH, BROTHER, HAVE YOU GOT A LOT TO LEARN!
THUMP!

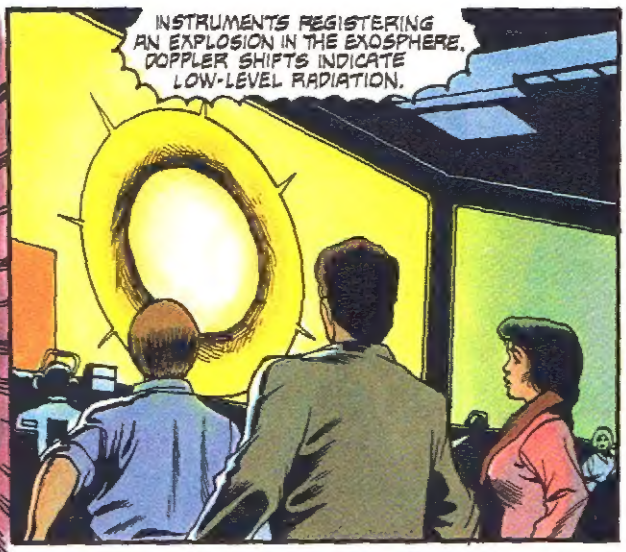
PASTERNAK'S NOT MY FATHER!!
UHHH!!
WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE US A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!!
SOMETHING FORMING BENEATH ME... SOMETHING TO BREAK MY FALL??
WELL, I DON'T WANT TO HURT HER, BUT...
...SHE'S GOING TO LEARN THAT IT'S A BAD MISTAKE TO GIVE AN ACROBAT SOMETHING TO BOUNCE ON—
A BAD MISTAKE!
NO! WAIT—!
AAHH!
WHAK!
LIZ!!—
OWWW!
BAMM
LIZZIE!—
UHHHHHH
3

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

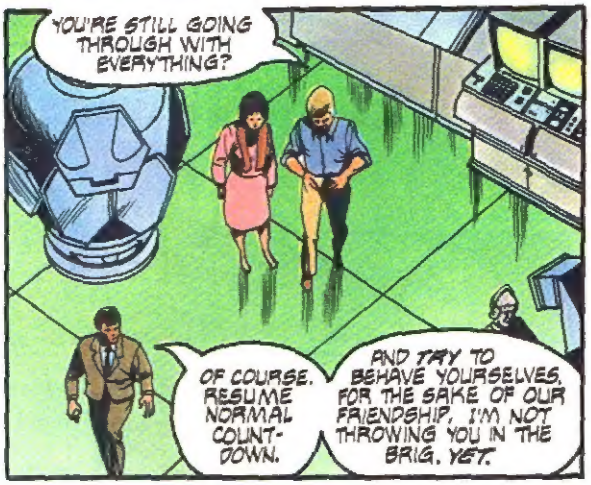
STORY: SEAN DEMING AND MINDY NEWELL • SCRIPT: MINDY NEWELL • PENCILLER: LEE WEEKS
INKER: TY TEMPLETON • COLORIST: SAM PARSONS • LETTERER: CARRIE SPIEGLE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAT ⊙ YRONWODE

"HUH? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
"NEVER MIND, JAMES, DO YOU THINK TACHYON COULD STOP THOSE MISSILES?"
"I DON'T KNOW."
"YOU REALLY WANT TO DIE, DON'T YOU?"
"LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'M PREPARED FOR THE INEVITABLE. WHETHER IT HAPPENS SOONER OR LATER IS A MOOT POINT."
ETA OF WARHEADS NOW SEVEN MINUTES, 6 SECONDS.
"HEAR THAT? THAT'S HOW LONG YOU HAVE UNTIL THE INEVITABLE."
"AND HOW LONG DOES EARTH HAVE, CLIFF?"
"PLEASE, YOU TWO, DON'T PLAY THESE POLITICAL GAMES NOW... JAMES, CAN TACHYON DO IT? CAN HE STOP THOSE MISSILES?"
"NANCY, I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW. HE'S STRONGER THAN US, HAS DISPLAYED POWERS WE CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S A SUPER-MAN.
"ANYWAY, EVEN IF I KNEW HE COULD DO IT, HOW DO WE GET A MESSAGE TO HIM TO TRY? HE'S NOT WEARING ANY KIND OF COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM.
"NOT ONLY THAT, REMEMBER, WE'RE HIS CAPTORS. WOULD YOU WANT TO AID YOUR OWN KIDNAPPERS?"
"BUT HE'S ATTACHED TO YOU, JAMES. YOU SAID SO YOURSELF. A LOST PUPPY, YOU CALLED HIM. MAYBE THAT'S IN OUR FAVOR."
"NANCY'S RIGHT, JAMES. AND THERE'S ANOTHER FACTOR. I THINK TACHYON REALIZES THAT IF HE'S GOING TO GET HOME AGAIN, YOU'RE THE TICKET."

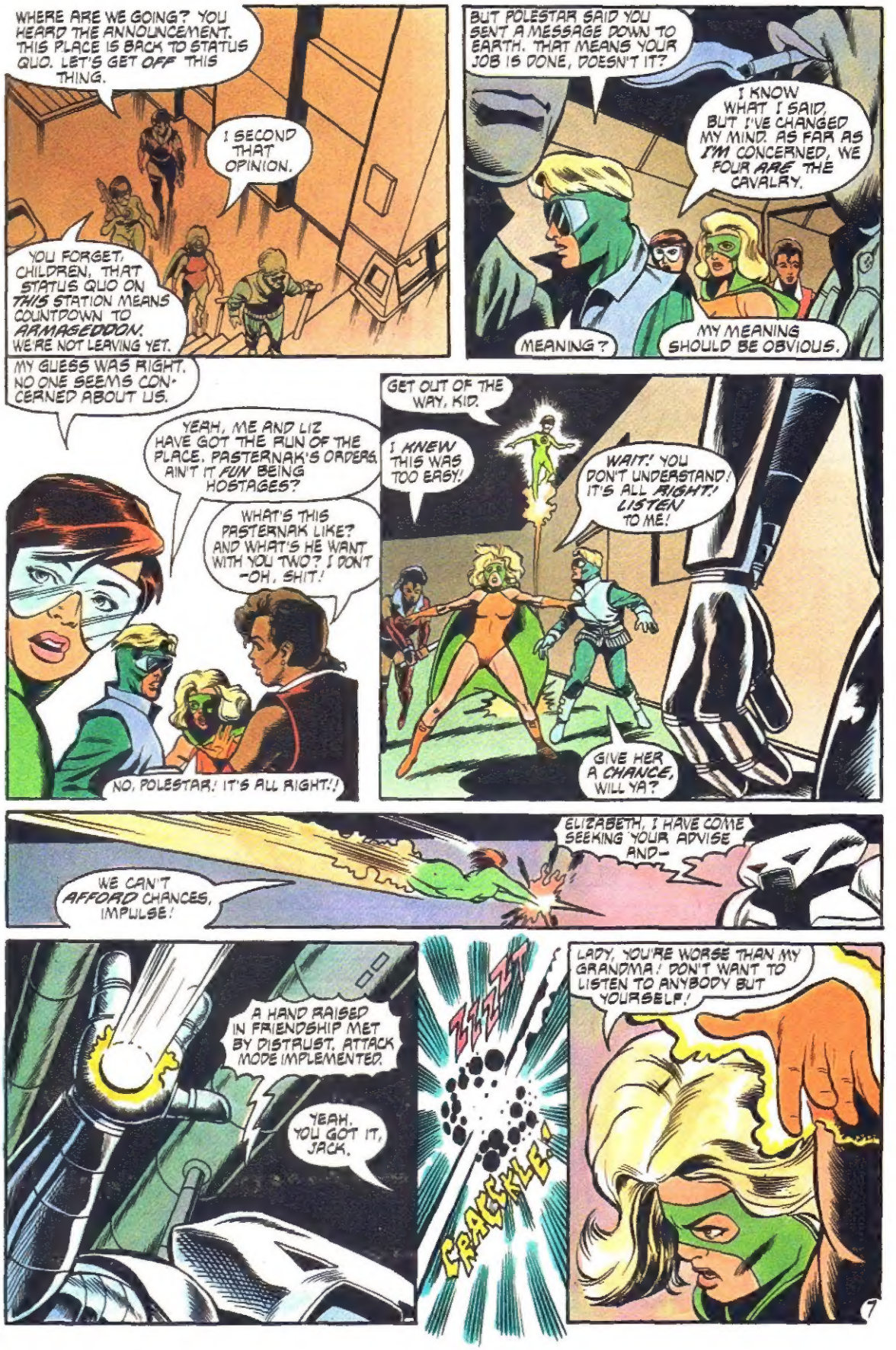


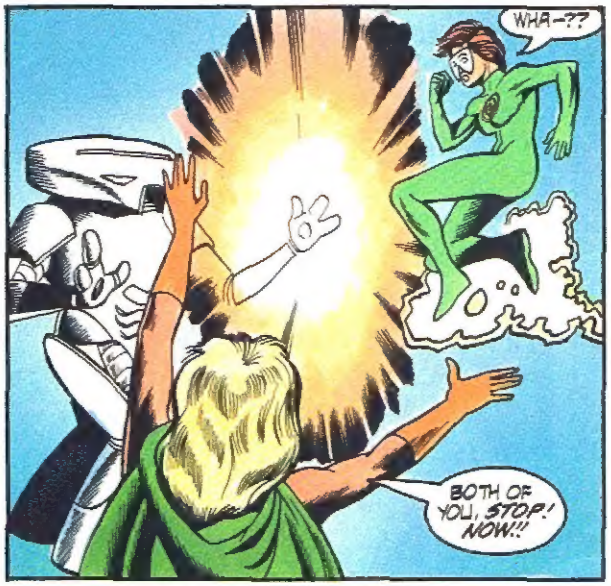

INSTRUMENTS REGISTERING AN EXPLOSION IN THE EXOSPHERE. DOPPLER SHIFTS INDICATE LOW-LEVEL RADIATION.

NO SIGN OF OUR BOGIES, OR OF ANY FURTHER OBJECTS.
HE DID IT.
YES. I GUESS HE DID.
SEE? NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I KNEW TACHYON WOULD COME THROUGH. WELL, NOW WE CAN CONTINUE WITH OUR OWN PLANS.

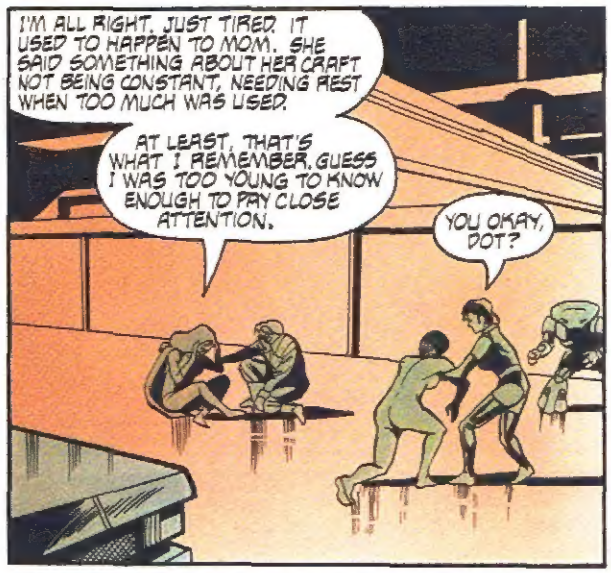

YOU'RE STILL GOING THROUGH WITH EVERYTHING?
OF COURSE. RESUME NORMAL COUNT-DOWN.
AND TRY TO BEHAVE YOURSELVES, FOR THE SAKE OF OUR FRIENDSHIP. I'M NOT THROWING YOU IN THE BRIG. YET.

I'M SORRY, JIMBO.
I KNOW YOU ARE, NANCY. AND DON'T EVEN ASK. I FORGIVE YOU.
WELL, I GUESS I SHOULD GET SOME CLOTHES ON.
COME TO MY CABIN AFTER. SHARE A DRINK. I COULD USE SOME COMPANY.
ME, TOO.


WHERE ARE WE GOING? YOU HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT. THIS PLACE IS BACK TO STATUS QUO. LET'S GET OFF THIS THING.
I SECOND THAT OPINION.
YOU FORGET, CHILDREN, THAT STATUS QUO ON THIS STATION MEANS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON. WE'RE NOT LEAVING YET.
BUT POLESTAR SAID YOU SENT A MESSAGE DOWN TO EARTH. THAT MEANS YOUR JOB IS DONE, DOESN'T IT?
I KNOW WHAT I SAID, BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, WE FOUR ARE THE CAVALRY.
MEANING?
MY MEANING SHOULD BE OBVIOUS.
MY GUESS WAS RIGHT. NO ONE SEEMS CONCERNED ABOUT US.
YEAH, ME AND LIZ HAVE GOT THE RUN OF THE PLACE. PASTERNAK'S ORDERS. AIN'T IT FUN BEING HOSTAGES?
WHAT'S THIS PASTERNAK LIKE? AND WHAT'S HE WANT WITH YOU TWO? I DON'T -OH, SHIT!
NO, POLESTAR! IT'S ALL RIGHT!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, KID.
I KNEW THIS WAS TOO EASY!
WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S ALL RIGHT! LISTEN TO ME!
GIVE HER A CHANCE, WILL YA?
ELIZABETH, I HAVE COME SEEKING YOUR ADVISE AND-
WE CAN'T AFFORD CHANCES, IMPULSE!
A HAND RAISED IN FRIENDSHIP MET BY DISTRUST. ATTACK MODE IMPLEMENTED.
YEAH, YOU GOT IT, JACK.
ZZZZT
CRACKLE!
LADY, YOU'RE WORSE THAN MY GRANDMA! DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO ANYBODY BUT YOURSELF!

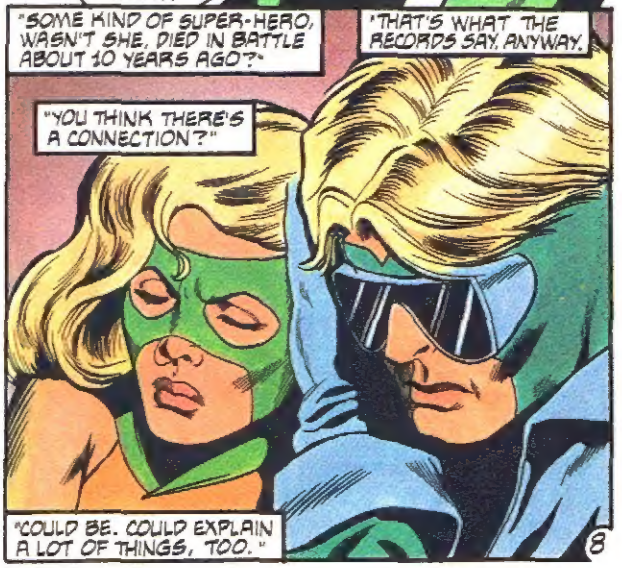

WHA-??
BOTH OF YOU, STOP! NOW!!

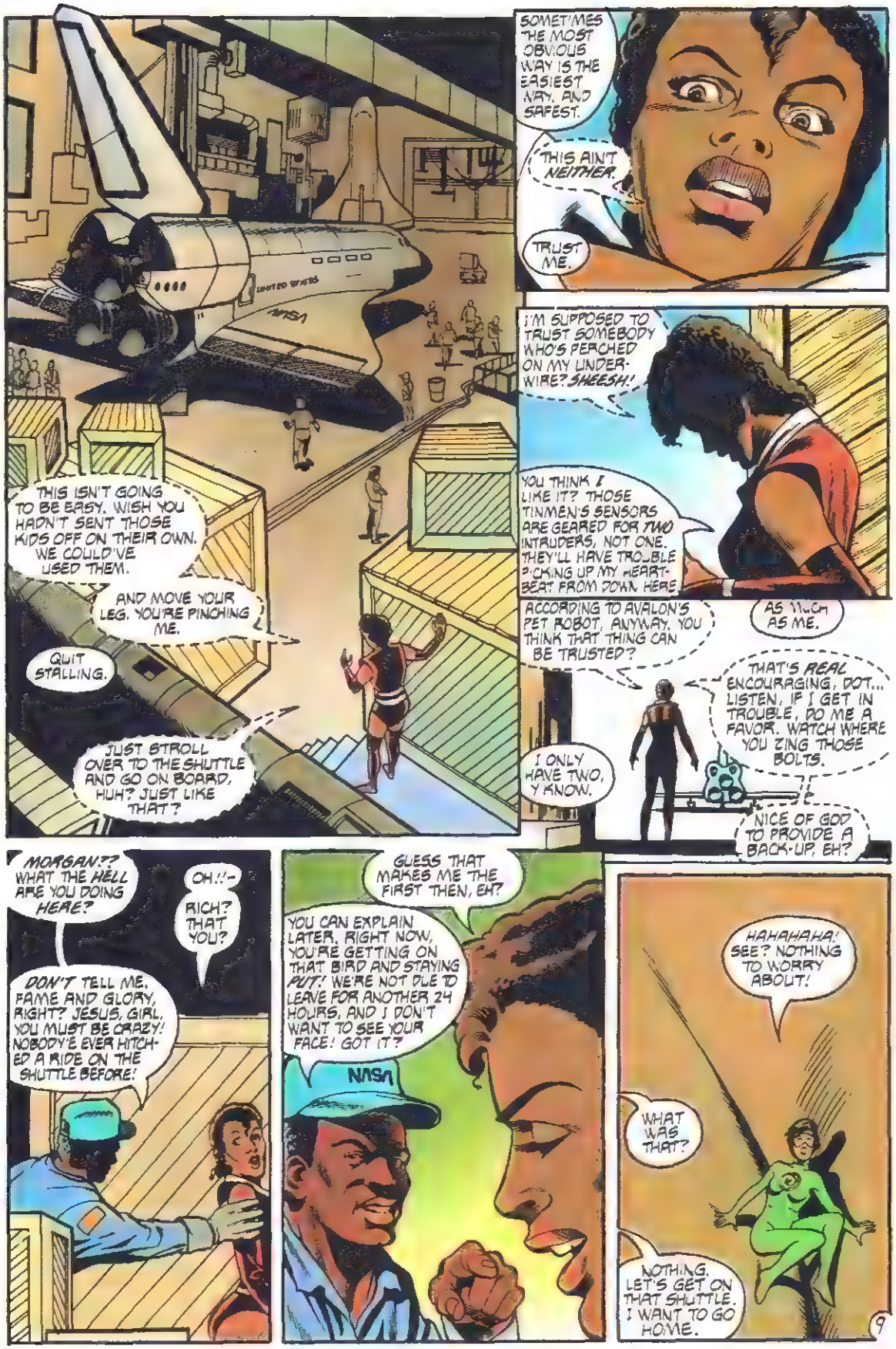
OWW!... WHAT KIND OF POWER DO YOU HAVE, KID? NOBODY'S EVER DONE THAT TO ME!
THUD!
NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS! ...LIZZIE?


I'M ALL RIGHT. JUST TIRED. IT USED TO HAPPEN TO MOM. SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HER CRAFT NOT BEING CONSTANT, NEEDING REST WHEN TOO MUCH WAS USED.
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I REMEMBER. GUESS I WAS TOO YOUNG TO KNOW ENOUGH TO PAY CLOSE ATTENTION.
YOU OKAY, DOT?

UH-HUH... THAT KID JUST SAY SOMETHING ABOUT HER MOM?
WHAT OF IT?
NO, NEVER SAW HER BEFORE TODAY.
HMMM, I WONDER... DOES ELIZABETH LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU AT ALL?

EVER HEAR OF DIANA LANE?
NO. WHY? WHO IS SHE?
NOT IS. WAS. ALSO KNOWN AS THE LADY. THAT HELP?


"SOME KIND OF SUPER-HERO, WASN'T SHE, DIED IN BATTLE ABOUT 10 YEARS AGO?"
"THAT'S WHAT THE RECORDS SAY, ANYWAY.
"YOU THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION?"
"COULD BE. COULD EXPLAIN A LOT OF THINGS, TOO."


SOMETIMES THE MOST OBVIOUS WAY IS THE EASIEST WAY, AND SAFEST.
THIS AIN'T NEITHER.
TRUST ME.
I'M SUPPOSED TO TRUST SOMEBODY WHO'S PERCHED ON MY UNDER-WIRE? SHEESH!
YOU THINK I LIKE IT? THOSE TINMEN'S SENSORS ARE GEARED FOR TWO INTRUDERS, NOT ONE. THEY'LL HAVE TROUBLE PICKING UP MY HEART-BEAT FROM DOWN HERE
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY. WISH YOU HADN'T SENT THOSE KIDS OFF ON THEIR OWN. WE COULD'VE USED THEM.
AND MOVE YOUR LEG. YOU'RE PINCHING ME.
QUIT STALLING.
JUST STROLL OVER TO THE SHUTTLE AND GO ON BOARD, HUH? JUST LIKE THAT?
ACCORDING TO AVALON'S PET ROBOT, ANYWAY, YOU THINK THAT THING CAN BE TRUSTED?
AS MUCH AS ME.
THAT'S REAL ENCOURAGING, DOT... LISTEN, IF I GET IN TROUBLE, DO ME A FAVOR. WATCH WHERE YOU ZING THOSE BOLTS.
I ONLY HAVE TWO, Y KNOW.
NICE OF GOD TO PROVIDE A BACK-UP, EH?
MORGAN!? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
OH!!- RICH? THAT YOU?
DON'T TELL ME, FAME AND GLORY, RIGHT? JESUS, GIRL, YOU MUST BE CRAZY! NOBODY'E EVER HITCH-ED A RIDE ON THE SHUTTLE BEFORE!
GUESS THAT MAKES ME THE FIRST THEN, EH?
YOU CAN EXPLAIN LATER, RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE GETTING ON THAT BIRD AND STAYING PUT! WE'RE NOT DUE TO LEAVE FOR ANOTHER 24 HOURS, AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE! GOT IT?
HAHAHAHA! SEE? NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING. LET'S GET ON THAT SHUTTLE. I WANT TO GO HOME.

YOU READY?
AS READY AS I'LL EVER BE. MEGABYTE?
YES.
I HOPE WE CAN TRUST DOT AND POLESTAR.
I DON'T THINK WE HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DANNY. NOT IF WE WANT TO GO HOME. NOT IF WE WANT TO STOP THE CORPORATION.
YEAH, WELL...I THINK I TRUST POLESTAR, BUT THAT DOT-COMMANDEERING THE SHUTTLE. TALL ORDER FOR A LITTLE LADY.
SHE CAN DO IT. WE'D BETTER BE THERE ON TIME, THAT'S ALL.
WHAT WAS THAT FOR?
LUCK, WHAT ELSE?... LET'S DO IT.
BOOOOM
WEEEEE!
CRASSHH!
AIYEEEEE!
MY GOD, WHAT-WHO'S THAT??
RED ALERT!
RED-TERMINALS GOING CRAZY!
DON'T GET FANCY, LIZ. WE GOTTA MOVE, AND MOVE FAST!
I KNOW, I KNOW! GO! I'M JUST GONNA WARP THEIR TIME SENSE, BUY US A FEW MOMENTS! GO! GO!!

YOU'RE AWFULLY QUIET.
FOR A CHANGE?... JUST THINKING. I SOLD OUT FOR POWER. AT LEAST YOU DID IT FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT MORE NOBLE.
LOVE IS JUST ANOTHER KIND OF POWER. WE'RE OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE COIN, NANCY.
ARE WE? NO. YOU AND CLIFF, MAYBE. ME I'M TRYING TO STRADDLE THE FENCE...
WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, I DON'T KNOW. THE USUAL THINGS, I GUESS. SHE WANTED ONE WAY, I WANTED ANOTHER. THE RUBBER BAND JUST STRETCHED UNTIL IT COULDN'T STRETCH ANYMORE.
WE'RE ALL GUILTY OF PLAYING GAMES, OF LYING, OF HIDING FROM THE TRUTH. YOU THINK YOU'LL GET WISER AS YOU GET OLDER, BUT YOU DON'T, DO YOU—
WHO IS THAT GIRL, NANCY? IT'S NOT DIANA, IS IT? TELL ME THE TRUTH.
UMMMM
DON'T BOTHER. I GUESS I'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG, DEEP DOWN.
SHE'S DIANA'S DAUGHTER. OURS... WHAT'S HER NAME, NANCY?
ELIZABETH... CLIFF DIDN'T WANT TO KILL YOU, JIMBO, BELIEVE ME! HE JUST BROUGHT HER HERE TO KEEP YOU IN LINE.
THAT'S HIS SPECIALTY, ISN'T IT?
TAKE ME TO HER, NANCY.
IT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA, JIMBO. NOT NOW. NOT LIKE THIS. LATER. WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.
WHEN THAT PLANET BELOW US IS CHARCOAL-BROILED? YOU THINK THAT'S WHEN SHE'LL WANT TO MEET HER FATHER? WHEN SHE KNOWS DADDY STOOD BY AND LET IT HAPPEN?!
NO! I CAN'T! I WON'T!
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN—
OH, YES, THERE IS!! I'LL—

YOU BASTARDS. YOU WHINING, SNIVELING COWARDS. YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER.
CLIFF... YOU'RE BLEEDING? WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S GOING ON?
I HOPE YOU BLEED TO DEATH!
IT WAS ALL SO PERFECT. WE WERE GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD, WE THREE. A NEW TRIUMVIRATE. THE THREE MUSKETEERS.
THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, RIGHT, CLIFF?
THAT'S RIGHT. A NEW TRINITY. THAT'S RIGHT.
I MADE A MISTAKE, THOUGH. I FORGOT ABOUT THE DAUGHTER. I FORGOT ABOUT THE MOTHER. THE DAUGHTER FOLLOWS THE MOTHER. CAN'T STOP HER. OR HER FRIENDS. SHE'S DESTROYED EVERYTHING, LIKE HER MOTHER. HER MOTHER TOOK YOU AWAY FROM ME. I WANTED THE MOTHER, TOO. WE COULDN'T SHARE, COULD WE? BEST FRIENDS BUT NOT THAT BEST, EH, JIMBO?
CLIFF, YOU NEED HELP. I'M STILL YOUR FRIEND.
LIAR! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR DAUGHTER DID? MUMBO-JUMBO AND THE WAR ROOM IS GONE. ABRACADABRA AND FIFTEEN YEARS DOWN THE DRAIN.
HOCUS-POCUS, THE JOKUS IS ON USSUS.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
JAMMMMESS! MY FRIEND!
TACHY-TACH-I'M ALL RIGHT
NANCY... CHECK NANCY... ELIZABETH
COME, FRIEND.
NO... NANCY... MY DAUGHTER...
ELIZABETH IS SAFE. COME.

NOT REALLY GUYS! THE STORY CONTINUES IN THE **NEW WAVE** PREVIEW EPISODE YOU SAW IN **MIRACLEMAN** #8 AND **THE NEW DNAGENTS** #9 (STILL AVAILABLE IF YOU LOOK), AND THEN NEXT ISSUE, LIKE DOT SAYS, THERE'S SOME **EXPLAINING** TO DO. AND BOY, ARE YOU GONNA **LOVE** IT! SO BE HERE IN TWO WEEKS, WHEN WE RIDE THE **CREST OF EXCITEMENT** IN "**TIN MAN BLUES**" --MINDY

From Around The World...
Japan
United States
Great Britain
United States
Argentina
Jamaica
"...They Are Coming!"
ESPERS™
This July From
A New Series
By James D. Hudnall and David Lloyd
ECLIPSE COMICS
© 1986 James D. Hudnall/David Lloyd

HIGH TIDE

P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

Tonight, in the midst of a sweat-drenched heat-waved summer, Sean calls. I am grateful. I have become acutely aware of the uncomfortably warm radiations given off by my electric Brother typewriter. A chance to escape them is a blessing.

"We need to fill the text page, Mindy," says Sean. "The letters are coming in, but the deadline is coming in faster."

Inwardly I groan, cursing the day I gave up steady hours and steady income for the wild ways of writing to earn my bread-and-butter. Deadline is the reason I am bound to my typewriter this weekend, this hellish night, instead of bound for the liberating coolness of the Jersey Shore with my friends. For a moment I imagine myself in the backseat of Sharon's '65 Mustang. The top is down, and I am lifting my face to greet the breeze. I have trouble seeing the stars above me; the wind causes my eyes to tear, and the twinkies become smeary and stretched out in lines of hyper-space. I sit in the cockpit of the Millenium Falcon, escaping from the desert planet Tatooine. I am Paul Maud'Dib, standing in the place where no one can follow, feeling the arid toasted air of Arrakis, knowing he is home, yet longing for the green and wet planet Caladan, I am—

I am standing in my kitchen with the phone to my ear, and Sean is talking to me.

"Okay, Sean, I'll whip something up."

We chat some more, but I have only a vague impression of what we are saying. The fevered brow is always good at inventing *dribble-drabble*. The cooked brain knows not what it is saying. I only feel an urgent need to prevent Sean from hanging up. I cannot face my Brother again. Yet I must.

Sean is gone, urgent business.

I have bought myself fifteen minutes. I sit down in front of my Brother. He has been patient. The keys are warm, the chair is sticky, my clothes are twinned to my mildewed skin. I am melting.

It is the worst mercury boost in the state's history, and this Jersey girl is not where she should be. She is not on the hallowed streets of Asbury Park by night, listening to the beat of Bruce. She is home in Cancer Alley, feeling the hot air inversion that hangs over the city trap the chemicals from across the bay deep within her pores and lungs. Twenty-five years from now, or maybe sooner, the results shall show up on X-ray or CAT scan or manual examination. But there is work to be done, and bills to be paid, and this Jersey girl sits now and sweats, dreaming for a moment of her Glory Days.

And then to the task at hand.

So what would I tell you, readers? Would you care to know how I started writing comics? I can sum it up in one sentence. I took a chance and got lucky. Remember that the next time chance strolls by your door.

Would you care to know why cat, Dean and Sean picked me to write this first regular bi-weekly American comic book? So would I. Ask them for me. All I know is that they took a chance and so I got lucky. Do you think I am a lucky person? Not really. I could fill your minds *and ears with tales of times my luck ran out.* Remember that, as well. I always do.

Would you care to know where I am going with **THE NEW WAVE?** So would I. Oh, I have plots aplenty in my head, and ideas by the score which are worth exploring, but how they will all finally end up is a mystery to me. And so perhaps I am not as good a writer as I should be, or could be, or can be. But something strange (sometimes wonderful, sometimes horrible) happens when a continuing series is attempted. It even happens in contained stories, although perhaps not as baldly.

The characters come alive, they are no longer yours, they become masters of their own fates. You can advise them, you can even captain them, but they are the pilots. (All they ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by.)

And so all I can promise to James, Nancy, Cliff, Tachyon, Avalon, Impulse, Dot, Polestar and Megabyte, and to you, is a course, a navigational beam. I cannot even promise a steady course, or a smooth one. For I am still learning these waters.

And if this text seems crude, remember that it was written in the heat of the summer night, where crudeness belongs and where rudeness is called for, when writer-dudes are left at home to work while others escape in a '65 Mustang down the pike to freedom.

—Mindy Newell

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"...Probably the most significant aspect is that the **HAMSTERS** cross over directly from their own title into this book."

Sean Deming (Writer)

"It's not unlike **every** other book... but it is unlike **most** other books."

Danny Green (Artist)

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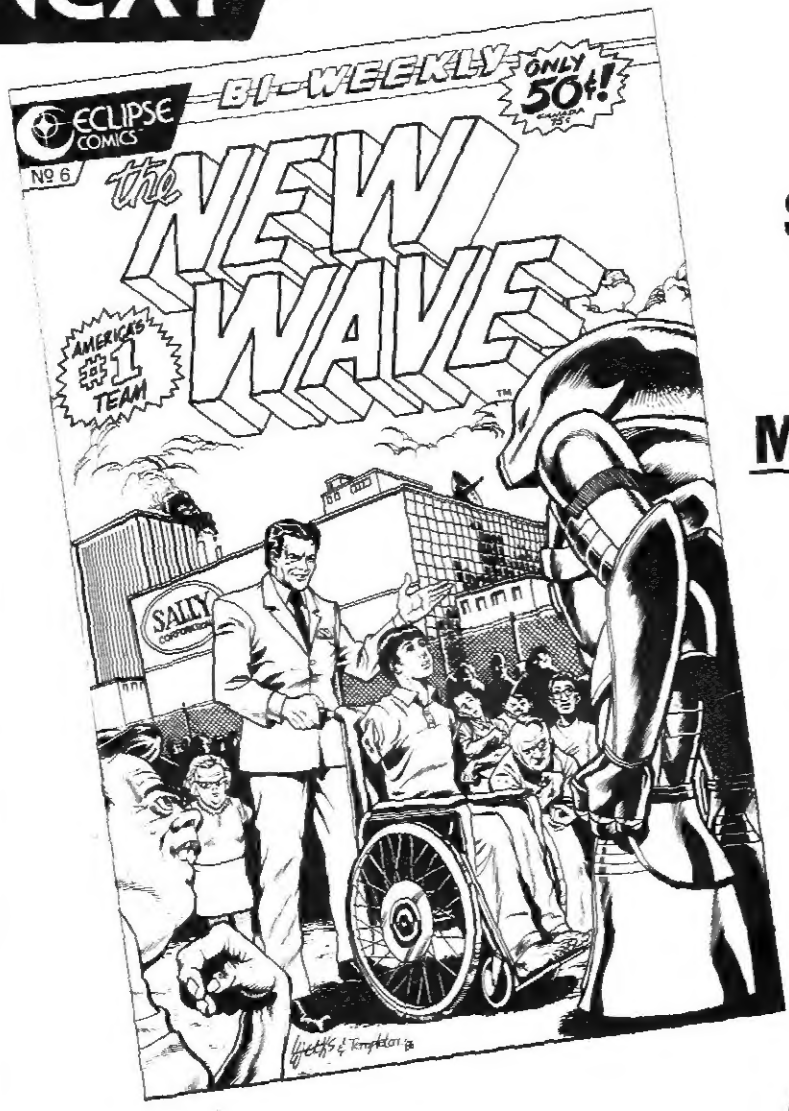

THE SHOCKING SECRET BEHIND MEGABYTE!

ISSUE

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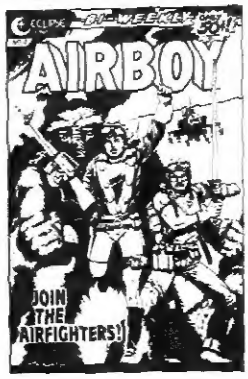

AIRBOY AND SKYWOLF ATTACK MISERY'S STRONGHOLD!

WEEK

He has seen America become a third world nation.

He has killed the President of the United States, and seen a junkie take that man's place.

He has faced his darkest fears, and found that a truer terror lies deeper.

He has watched as a proud, self-sufficient community was driven from its land.

Now, Emanuel Santana must try to stop an army of religious cultists who follow a blind, mentally impaired boy prophet who preaches to his people from the Lord of the Rings.

The boy was once Scout's friend.

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